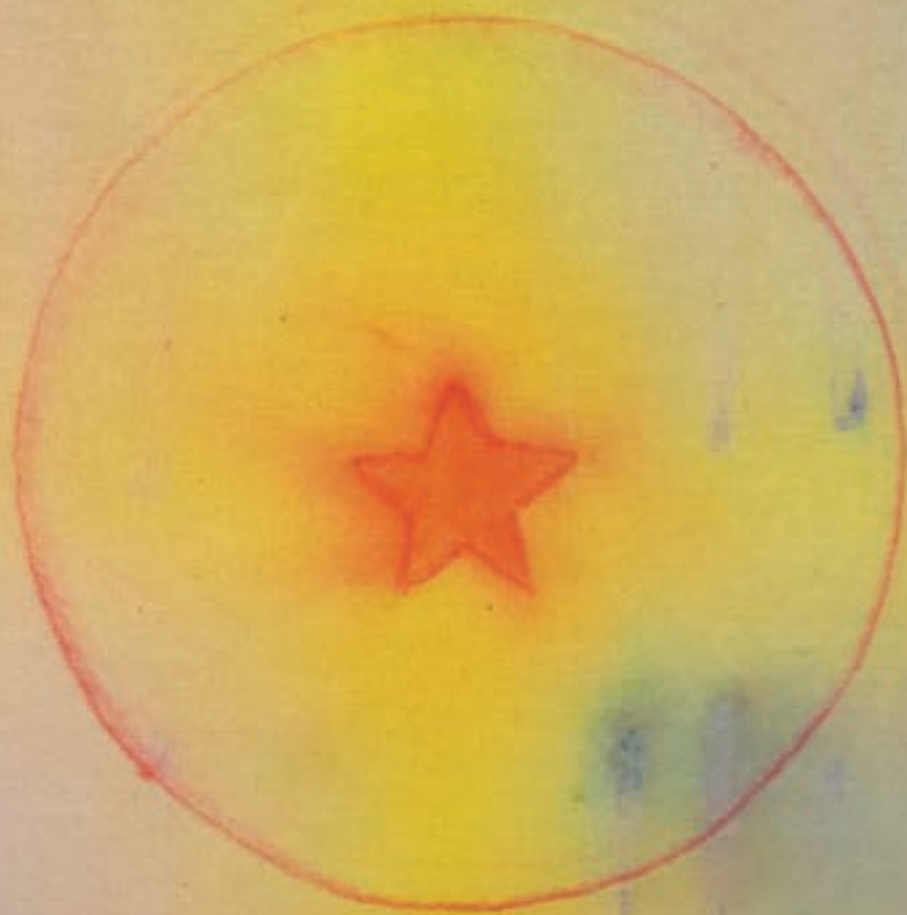


BUK



Naked

Features

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World Building:
Exploring Sober Nightlife With Good Clean Fun

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Creative Writing

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Take 'Em Off

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Words: Maeve Gorman (She/Her)
Artwork: Ritu Samuel (She/Her)



“I think it’s safe to say that underwear is both “in” and “out” for 2024”

From thongs to boxers, jock straps to sports bras, and super padded “miracle” XXXXL push up bras to, well, no bra at all, there really is a piece of underwear for every occasion. Although you may not give a second thought to your undies and see them as a practical necessity, culturally we are obsessed with underwear (you don’t need to look any further than 90s hit “Thong Song” or #InMyCalvins). The undergarment can be unravelled to reveal a long sociological history which continues to be written today.

It’s only right to start with the most iconic, terrifying, and controversial undergarment: the corset. One of my earliest memories of cinema is Keira Knightley’s character in *Pirates of the Caribbean* wearing a corset. Her father tells her corsets are all the rage in London and she replies that ‘Women in London must have learnt not to breathe’. On her date with a young Admiral, she is, in fact, unable to breathe and plummets off a cliff into the sea. Multiple questions sprung to mind. Why did women have to wear a garment which prevented the most vital bodily function? Would I have to wear a corset one day? When would she meet Orlando Bloom?

The corset has long been seen as a patriarchal instrument of oppression designed to mould women into the correct “feminine” shape. Each era had its own ideal shape for a woman’s body and the corset evolved to execute each one. From the Elizabethan age (with corsets made from iron) to Victorian times (with a shift to bodices made of whalebone), to the 21st century (with elastic finally being added to the equation) corsets have endured in a way that other staples of Renaissance fashion, such as puffy cuffs, could only dream of.

Today the equivalent of a corset in its traditional undergarment status is shapewear. Enter SKIMS, Kim Kardashian’s shapewear line. The brand labels itself as a ‘solutions orientated brand’: exactly the type of insidious language that makes beauty executives rich (SKIMS is currently worth \$4 billion) and

positions women’s bodies as problems to be solved. SKIMS sells a ‘waist trainer’ for £70 each to cinch the waist and sell the dream of the Kardashian-Jenner hourglass body. Waist trainers, just like the corset, can impede the movement of the diaphragm and affect your breathing. Whilst shapewear can be empowering and confidence boosting, its ubiquity in the fashion industry and on social media does raise questions about why a woman’s body must be squeezed into shape to be accepted.

However, all is not bleak. The idea that underwear should exist beneath clothes was subverted by queen fashion disrupter Vivienne Westwood. Westwood unveiled the ‘Statue of Liberty’ corset at her Autumn/Winter 1987 collection, and her subversion was three-fold: models walked in corsets adorned with sensual 18th century paintings which made history relevant in modern fashion, two femme models kissed on runway and, crucially, the seldom seen undergarment was reconceptualised as outerwear. Westwood superseded the historical purpose of the corset, and it became emblematic of woman’s power rather than oppression.

Jean Paul Gaultier, Thierry Mugler and John Galliano followed suit and corsets became a staple of the 90s runway. The corset is still a force of disruption, and no one epitomises this better than Michaela Stark. For Stark, the body forms part of her design. She manipulates the human form, contorting herself, and her models, to make their chests and stomachs spill out from the clothing (which often resembles corsetry). Westwood’s initial rethinking and Stark’s avant-garde ingenuity have transformed the corset; it represents power, not oppression.

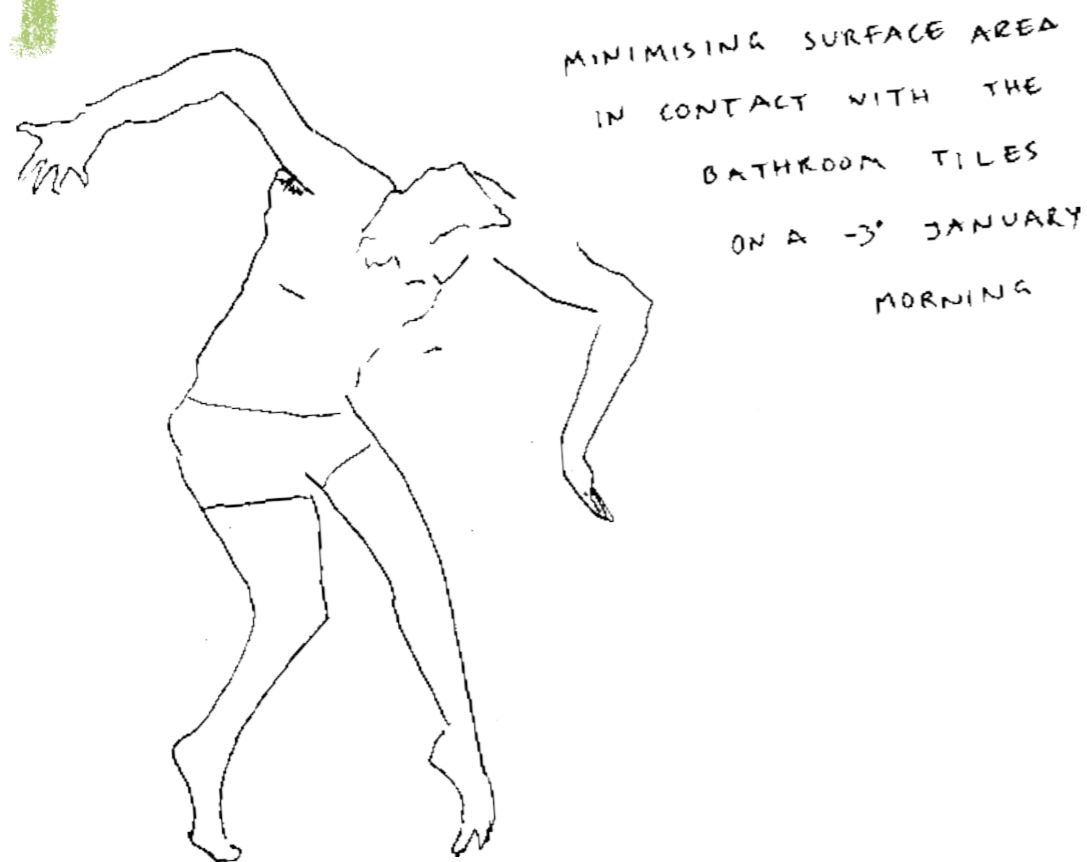
With Westwood’s corset, the era of underwear as outerwear dawned and it is here to stay. Miu Miu has led the movement with its models, most iconically actor Emma Corrin, wearing sparkly briefs and sheer tights on the runway. And on the red carpet it’s panty pandemonium, with celebrities such as Jodie Turner-Smith and Beyoncé sporting looks based around their briefs. Whether it’s leather panties and fur boots, or a Calvin Klein set under a denim jacket at the supermarket, Julia Fox is the queen of this trend.

Although, initially, this might seem like another celebrity fashion fad with no real consequences for us mere mortals, more lies underneath (well, not literally!). The underwear as outerwear trend points to the demystification of underwear and the desexualisation of women’s bodies. Wardrobe malfunctions and sometimes literal upskirting is tabloid fodder and, by only wearing underwear, celebrities remove the media’s ability to humiliate. Interestingly, the trend revolves around plain panties, often black and white briefs with plain sheer tights. This is a far cry from the bejewelled bras worn by Victoria’s Secret models in the brand’s discontinued runway. The fact that celebrities are opting for more simple designs could help transform underwear from something inherently sexualised to something more practical; these outfits say: ‘Women wear underwear...so what?’.

Women also don’t wear underwear. The image of bra-burning feminists is branded onto our cultural imagination. In 1968, the Miss America Protest organised by New York Radical Women civil rights group featured a “Freedom Trash Can”. The idea was to burn objects that symbolise women’s oppression. Similar to the corset, bras can be seen as tools to shape the breast into the “correct” shape and size, preventing anyone from having to suffer the sight of a woman’s nipple (shock, horror!). Increasingly, celebrities are abandoning the bra, including Florence Pugh and Miley Cyrus (a long advocate of #freethenipple). This phenomenon plays a role in desexualising the non-male breast and forging the path for the welcoming of naked breasts on platforms such as Instagram. That is not to say it is unfeminist to wear a bra, as Germaine Greer wrote in her major feminist text *The Female Eunuch*, ‘if you make bralessness a rule, you’re just subjecting yourself to yet another repression’. Whether you choose to wear or ditch the bra, the choice is yours. I think it’s safe to say that underwear is both “in” and “out” for 2024.

Scantily Clad

Words & Artwork: Signe Ronan (She/Her)



We have been phasing out sweaty, Shein-y polyester in our wardrobes, and the time has come for our buildings to do the same.

The city of Glasgow is blanketed in biting cold, and I don't doubt that your mornings look somewhat similar to mine (pictured below). But we aren't the only ones who need to be wrapped up warm. We have been phasing out sweaty, Shein-y polyester in our wardrobes, and the time has come for our buildings to do the same.

Ranking number 2 of UK cities with the coldest indoor temperatures, this is a predicament plaguing old and new buildings alike. We are, unfortunately, all too familiar with the arctic-like climate of the tenement, which accounts for 1/5 of Glasgow housing. While we can just about forgive the dated insulation for the high-ceilinged, 18th century charm, how can we mitigate against such cold in newer buildings?

With the construction industry responsible for a whopping 39% of global CO2 emissions, it is vital we find a way to deck-out buildings without harming our environment. Architects are getting it wrong. In line with the pattern of the fast fashion industry, cheap synthetic insulation solutions discovered in the last century have provided a short-term answer to the booming population and rapidly changing cultural landscape. But though these may once have seemed like a cutting-edge fix, it wasn't long before the environmental downsides of edifice-apparel became apparent.

The reputation of the building industry was bulldozed after the discovery of cancerous properties in asbestos and toxins released in the production of fibreglass. Aluminium cladding is a hard pass due to its energy-intensive production, and the unregulated use of such hazardous synthetic materials can have serious consequences (let us not forget the tragedy of Grenfell).

So, let's take a look at potential OOTDs* for our buildings.

Outfit no.1: Sheep's wool. It is a natural insulator. It's sustainable. And is, of course, a resource grown locally in Scotland. Why shouldn't it work for buildings as well as it does for sheep (and us)? It is 25% more durable than synthetic alternatives, and has the added benefits of being naturally breathable, preventing mould, moderating sound, and being fireproof. It can help to achieve an effective balance of temperature and humidity within a home far more effectively than widely used synthetic insulations such as polystyrene.

The same goes for 'fit no.2: Hemp. Hemp, among other more personal benefits, is to the building industry what it is to the fashion industry: a luxury sustainable alternative to synthetics, more pleasant due to its breathability and its ability to prevent dampness. Though there is a carbon cost involved in its high-temperature production, "hempcrete" remains less energy intensive than the manufacturing of cement. And, countered by the 15 tonnes of CO2 sequestered by a hectare of hemp, the material averages out to be carbon negative.

Outfit number 3 is an ode to the raw materials of great outdoors that reaches much further than camo-print. BC Architects and Assemble's 'Atelier Luma' was rated among The Guardian's best works of architecture of 2023. The structure boasted inner walls built of, quite literally, rammed earth. These terrestrial undergarments have natural moisture absorption properties that balance humidity levels and prevent damp air. The high thermal mass of the earth moderates the indoor climate by retaining heat and as a result, the shift in temperature from day to night is reduced (no electric blanket needed!). The locality of the material doesn't just save on energy and costs of transport, but works to connect residents and visitors with the local geography - in the same way Glasgow's sandstone indicates the local landscape (the yellow from local quarries pre-rail network, the iron-rich red transported from a little further afield after the rail network was established).

Building from natural resources isn't just a solution to our icy predicament, it can even be an opportunity to give back to the environment. Which brings us to outfit number 4...

The fungal threads that your tenement didn't know it needed. Mycelium technology offers another carbon-negative solution. By propagating mycelium on waste from the paper industry, the company Mykor has made a carbon-negative insulation sheet for use in construction. The manufacturing process uses 90% less water and 40% less electricity than the production of polystyrene. The material itself prevents the accumulation of dampness, and is breathable, and vapour-permeable. If hemp was a new linen shirt, these mycelium sheets are repurposed second hand clothes that result in a damp-free, warmer home.

It's as if adhering to true cottage-core philosophies, in reaction to the frost of modern life, we return to the landscape. Natural methods for fighting cold in the midst of the green transition are in stock, on the shelves, and within reach. It IS possible to stay both stylish and warm. The idea of simplifying our technology to imitate and implement naturally occurring systems is vital; a lot can be learnt from nature's marvellous designs.

But, the challenge with affecting change in the built environment is the sheer scale of it. Over 300,000 households in Glasgow need a refit. Buying sustainably-produced organic cotton isn't so sustainable when it involves throwing away our old clothes. The implementation of these natural insulation methods will take time and lots of money, which undeniably means it is no immediate solution. So, arm yourselves with a hot water bottle because for now, both we and our buildings must keep layering thin jumpers until we can afford a woollen one.

The Power of Unplugged

Words: Maddie Nisbet (She/Her)

Artwork: Leon Caddick (He/Him)

To play unplugged, without powerful electric instruments or a booming, room-filling sound, is debatably the musical equivalent of performing naked. With little to hide behind, the audience is invited to spectate the musician's strengths, weaknesses, and vulnerabilities, while also questioning their authenticity and picking apart their skills from comfortable couches. Monumental moments in recent music history have surfaced from televised acoustic performances, and their popularity may lie in the fact that music's origins stem from stripped down, sometimes a cappella, renditions of popular songs.

One performance during the 1990s MTV Unplugged craze, which documented how much power and influence could be held in acoustic rendition, was Soul Asylum's "Runaway Train", a sordid lament on lead singer Dave Pirner's struggles with depression and lack of control over his spiralling thoughts. The highlighting of his mental health issues through the song came as a somber warning of the losses the alternative music scene would face, from Kurt Cobain's tragic suicide to Layne Staley's shocking overdose. This song is a staple of its time and brought the conversation of mental health to the forefront of cultural discourse, where it had not been widely discussed previously. With lyrics such as 'I'm in too deep/there's no way out' and 'somehow I'm neither here nor there', the sense of existentialism is only enhanced when the song is performed in such a raw and unapologetic manner.

"Runaway Train"'s music video had international impact and is the source of the song's longevity, as it features photos of missing children and was altered to suit several countries. Not only does it make for a powerful and moving statement, but it also helped to locate 21 out of the 36 children in the US version, following an era of placing missing children on milk cartons, which is where video director Tony Kaye found his inspiration from. However, life was not always easier for these kids once they were back in contact with their families. For example, Joyce Collier, who was featured in the original video, shared in an interview that she was being sexually abused at home, and in adulthood states: 'I wouldn't change anything'. What cannot be denied is the multitude of attention the video brought to the issue as a whole, and in the questioning of authenticity, it rings true that, historically, the band lacked interest in visual representations of their music. Pirner states that 'it felt pretty good to have a video that was something other than just a promotional tool for the band, and had meaning and reach'.

His unplugged performance speaks to all aspects of life in a nuanced way, and all who view it or learn of its origins and history will be able to relate to it in some form: spiralling from a lost feeling is as common among people as it is that we are all born naked.

On April 21st, 1993, Soul Asylum took to the centre of MTV studios, New York, to follow in the footsteps of many great acts. In an almost in-the-round setup, with the audience viewing from every direction, Pirner joins the count-in to "Runaway Train" facing the rest of the band, and by the first strum has swivelled towards the camera, in a manner that he has something to prove, not simply say. He rocks his guitar from side to side, in what appears to be a comforting tactic, yet carries an abundance of soul through his voice as he attacks the words he produces. He is reliving and fighting his own dark thoughts that form the basis of the song itself, and by the time the chorus has found him he is a completely separate entity from the band, inviting the audience to feel the connection between them on a higher level. By the last chorus, Pirner is visibly shaking, clutching the pick, appearing in a somewhat manic state to deliver one strum in this quiet section, while his legs are itching to move uncontrollably. A build-up to deliver the outro leads him to round off the song by near-marching behind the microphone, belting out his own life rights at a pace which can only keep him going.

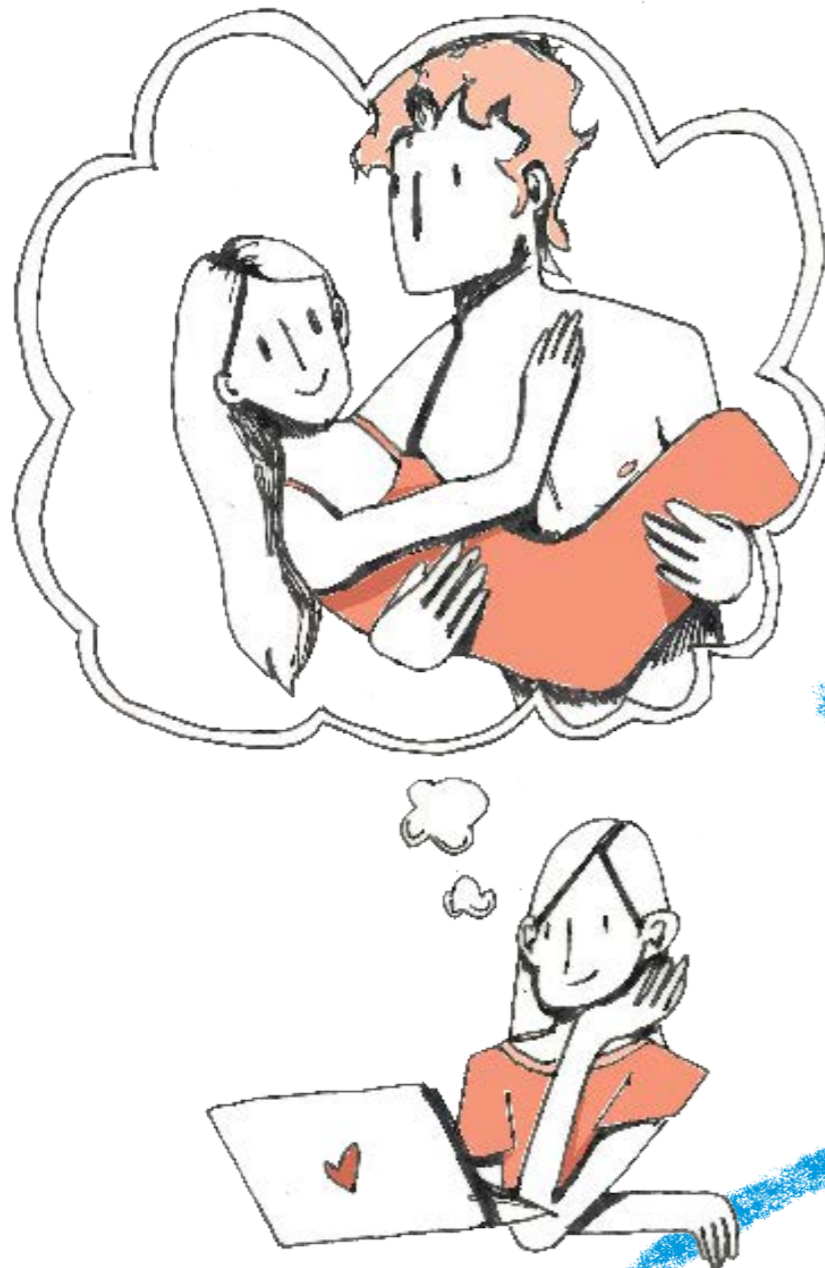
This unplugged performance speaks to all aspects of life in a nuanced way, and all who view it or learn of its origins and history will be able to relate to it in some form: spiralling from a lost feeling is as common among people as it is that we are all born naked.

The "nakedness" of Pirner in this moment blurs the divide between audience and act, inviting the idea that they are equals, even if just for a performance. The exposure and vulnerability that Soul Asylum brought that day is telling of the intense, intimate nature of stripped down sessions; yet it is also worth noting the wide influence performances like these can aspire to, as well as achieve.



Gum X Reader

Words: Tess Hardy (She/Her)
Artwork: Signe Ronan (She/Her)



He bites his lip and his eyes darken...

'Y/N, don't look at me with those eyes.'

'What are you going to do about it?'

He stalks towards me and places his hand on my cheek.

His digits run across my face and then he-

"DINNER TIME!"

Dirty stories found on AO3, Wattpad, Tumblr (the holy trinity) featuring favoured fictional hunks have become a significant part of the hormonal sexual awakening. Wattpad has around 90 million monthly users and over 665 million stories. "Revolutionary" works by 'great novelists', i.e. old white men, pale in comparison to the pen[wo]manship of middle school girls. Her dog is ill, she's moving house, and her parents are divorcing during exam season and yet, she's created a masterpiece.

Can Shakespeare say the same?

Often following trends, such as the ever-evolving "White boy of the Month" on TikTok, or catalysed by new films or series, recently it's *The Ballad of Songbirds and Snakes* or *House of the Dragon*, these stories elicit millions of readers. Most are completely unhinged sexy romps, à la *After*, that go on to be made into equally cringey movie adaptations. These variations on traditionally formatted video porn are at times comically cringey, hot asf, or genuinely concerning, as real world people are often slowly roped into the narrative. The result? Most teenage girls not blinking an eye to the 'scandalous' *Saltburn*, having read much worse. Regardless, smut of all forms can be an entirely valid avenue to climax.

Fanfics and smut are mostly written and consumed by young women. A common joke online is that smut readers need to assign a designated individual to delete their reading history upon their death, taking their scandalous smutty vices to the grave. Smut is so popular due to the taboo of female sexuality. At school I remember boys openly talking about their favourite porno (a troubling thought then and now, ugh!). It was an unspoken truth that if their female peers mentioned anything of this ilk, public ridicule would have ensued.

The increasing objectification of the women in porn is off-putting. How does one find pleasure in something that fails to keep your perspective in mind? Fanfiction does just this: it reallocates humanity and identity in sexuality. There's no worry of hackers or viruses, and it is completely free. Only an ad for 'Mistplay' between chapters on Wattpad. It is customisable through tags and the genius design of AO3. Choose your man, trope, length, and rating.

It gives us a vivid space for escapism. In an age where misogyny is on the rise due to the cretins of the internet like Andrew Tate, teenage boys can be repulsive. So log on to Wattpad and be with a respectful beefy superhero who is in love with you. Watch edits of your man and evade being tied down; on the internet you can have multiple boyfriends. It's a community space happily centred around celeb obsession and disrupting the taboos of female sexuality. While female interests are ridiculed by men on podcasts, these spaces become safe havens. The comment section on Wattpad will forever be the funniest place on the internet.

Still, fanfics remain the bastard of the literary family. They dominate the debate of High Art and true literature; the erotica of Nabokov is allowed but not mine, why? 'Respectable' modern-day literature has no shortage of derivative works: Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead* or John Updike's *Gertrude and Claudius* are Hamlet fanfics. Pamela Morgen's series based on *Pride and Prejudice* was acquired by Simon & Schuster and is widely cited as a fanfic author crossing over into "real" publishing. Yet no one slapped the fanfic label on Sally Beauman's *Rebecca's Tale*, a retelling of Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca*, when it was released by a major publisher in 2001.

In 2020 a tumblr post went viral. It described the link between - wait for it - 9/11 and *Fifty Shades of Grey*, illustrating the significance of fanfiction in mainstream media. Catalysed by Gerard Way, lead singer of *My Chemical Romance* who formed the band post witnessing 9/11. MCR's music inspired Stephanie Meyers to write the *Twilight* saga, a self-insert vampire angst filled slow burn romance. The *Fifty Shades* trilogy was developed from a *Twilight* fan fiction series originally titled *Master of the Universe* and published on fanfiction websites by 'Snowqueen Icedragon'. Full of BDSM, slowburn angsty smut, it leaked into Hollywood and the homes of millions around the world in a "respectable" fashion.

Fanfiction is a symbol of teenage female sexuality that, after being shamed by society for decades, has now found sanctity on the internet. Fanfiction is all around us whether you like it or not.

But I do and so do millions around the world.



The Sunday Swim:

In Praise of Nuanced Weirdness

Words: Jonah Woodward (He/Him)

Artwork: Yixuan: Du (She/Her)

When I first found out that some of my close friends were nudists, it conjured in me a strange cocktail of emotions. Interest, confusion, amusement – but also a vague undercurrent of something else: dread. My friends were frequenters of the Sunday Swim, an event which takes place at Glasgow's Arlington Baths every Sunday, between 6 and 9pm. The event gives users access to the Arlington's steam rooms, saunas, Turkish suite, and swimming pool. Most notably, hanging above the pool, are a set of travelling rings, and a flying trapeze. For three hours, attendees bake themselves at various temperatures, float idly in the water, or swing gracefully over its bright surface. But, there is a catch: the Swim is a naturist event; everyone is naked.

Why did I find this concept disquieting? There were a few obvious answers. I grew up in a deeply religious, small-c conservative family, that raised me with an implicit belief that clothes are always necessary. God gave them to us in Genesis for a reason: nakedness is for sex, and sex is exclusively for marriage. The psychological vestiges of this upbringing, paired with my baseline awkwardness and eagerness to please, resulted in an uncomfortable dilemma. I didn't want to be excluded from socialising with my friends, but at the same time I had all these mental presuppositions which naturism tested. I would either have to abandon these presuppositions, or spend my Sunday evenings in resentful isolation – a joyless (but safely clothed) Scrooge.

That said, a discomfort around nakedness was by no means peculiar to me. The West, and Britain particularly, has a complicated relationship with nudity that penetrates to the heart of our cultural identity. Our obsession with politeness is characteristic of a desire to come across as well-trained, unthreatening, conformist – as normal. As such, we veil our nuanced weirdness, our imperfections and peccadillos. The social order requires these things be tamed and concealed. In contrast, radical vulnerability encourages social disorder, and nudity is the most obvious and fundamental kind of vulnerability. Clothes in many ways express the social structures we conform to. Without them, we are no longer citizens or workers or icons – we are these undefined, featherless bipeds.

Put simply, aversion to the radical is a social survival strategy. And because naturism is non-normal, we are averse to it. This kind of process plays out all the time – we are constantly labelling things to avoid interacting with them. 'She's a vegan', 'he's a tory', 'they're a marxist'. When we label people, we mean to say that they should be considered in light of their group. Often, this actually means they should be disregarded in light of their group.

But in my case, I didn't have the luxury of disregarding these people as 'mere naturists'. I had the misfortune of knowing that my

friends were lovely people, and retreating into blissful disregard of their bizarre 'hobby' was no option. What's more, the idea of them having fun without me, no matter how deviant the context, was too much for my fragile mind to bear. Ultimately, FOMO got the better of me, and I decided to attend the dreaded Sunday Swim.

As a first-timer, you're toured round the various facilities at the Arlington Baths – the gym, the changing rooms, the showers – and informed about the dos and don'ts. Of course, I would never in a million years ask my friendly, middle-aged tour guide the real questions: What happens if I accidentally look at your genitals? What if you look at mine? What if you think they look ridiculous? How am I possibly going to survive the humiliation? Can I go home now...? We eventually circled back to the lobby. I smiled politely, thanked him, and shuffled off to the changing rooms for a short meltdown.

All of my melodrama was thankfully short-lived. A few minutes later, I emerged onto the poolside, emergency loincloth in hand, with a surprising sense of normality. The naked bodies, the towels slung over shoulders, and the grand architecture gave everything the air of a renaissance painting. But the whole scene felt comfortable, unawkward, and unsexy in the best way. We were just these funny, ungainly apes, lying down, swimming, sweating, trapezing. I had a few pleasant conversations. I sat and read my book. I showered. And then at 9pm I left – feeling warm and relaxed and ready for bed. It felt like the perfect bookend to the week.

Admittedly, this kind of experience might not be for everyone. A lot of people might find sitting around butt naked for three hours just a bit boring. But the Sunday Swim reminded me that my preconceptions about the world often serve to make it more scary, not less. We pin labels onto people and experiences because it provides conceptual order. We do not have time to examine the details of everything, so making assumptions is necessary to an extent. But this leaves us prone to conflating people with the categorical facades we impose on them. We forget that nuanced weirdness is normal. And because of that, we feel ashamed of our own peculiarities.

In this sense, nakedness – that is, radical honesty, authenticity, vulnerability – is a kind of cure. A cure not just for our cynical attitudes towards other people, but for the shame we feel about ourselves. Both of these problems stem from thinking that humans should basically conform to our expectations. But naked reality is vast and surprising and more interesting than that. When we are willing to expose our own nuanced weirdness, and accept that of others, we can start to engage with people as they really are – not as we imagine them to be.

Stripped Bare:

Is Queerness Ultimate Bodily and Political Autonomy?

Words: Madeleine Alexander (She/They)

Artwork: Alyssa U (They/Them)

Queerness is both a social and political identity, based on sexual preference or gender identity. Queerness is expressed fully through the experience of community and individuality. Queer autonomy, then, can be found in the freedom we have to live outside of the heteropatriarchal norm, firstly through our interpersonal relationships but more widely through the development of queer style, music and culture. As we have experienced an othering from heteropatriarchal society, within queer community there is less emotional and social risk in choosing to live outside social norms, effectively granting us a special type of political autonomy. After all, the personal is the political. And that personal-political reality is being realised by more people than ever before. Although census data from Scotland has yet to be published in full, in England and Wales 1.3 million people now identify as lesbian, gay or bisexual and 0.5% of people identify with a gender different from what they were assigned at birth in 2021.

However, the personal is truly made political by the constant and increasing attacks on queer lives, often on the physical bodies themselves. As members of the queer community are reduced down to their physiological characteristics, all sense of community and individuality is stripped from us. It is hard to argue that queer bodies experience a special type of political autonomy when conversion therapy for trans people is still legal and waitlists for gender affirming care are years long. With transphobia rampant in the UK, trans bodies, in particular, are a space of contestation.

It is naive to assume that simply because of our queer identity we are immune to producing the same oppressive social structures we seek to live outside of within the community. The heteropatriarchy is alive and kicking within the queer community. Bisexual people are dodging cheating allegations left right and centre and no they still haven't chosen a side. They don't need to. And, despite the reaction I have to Charli XCX on the dancefloor, I'm still not sure why she is held as the icon of queer music despite being straight.

Within the queer community, debates rage on about the usefulness of labels such as butch/femme and top/bottom. Are they expressions of queer identity or do they limit us into boxes as restrictive as the expectations we seek to avoid after coming out?

To cast butch/femme roles as nothing more than a redeployment of heteropatriarchal stereotypes, a pale imitation of straight relationships is insulting. It implies that lesbians have no idea how to love without a binary split of power. And assuming anything about a person based on if they prefer to top or bottom takes these terms out of the sexual sphere and asks us to reduce people down to their sexual lives, their physical expressions of intimacy. Is that not what we ask cisgender/heterosexual people to not do to us?

In all honesty, I can speak on butch/femme roles far more than top/bottom dynamics. Apologies for the gaps in my knowledge but I am a lesbian. Butch/femme has a complex history, stretching from 1950s bar culture to switch nights in 1990s queer clubs, where wardrobes and makeup bags would be switched. Here the political autonomy of the queer body is visible through material style representing an explicitly queer expression of gender and sexuality.

What does reduce queer bodily autonomy both politically and socially is the widespread application of butch/femme, top/bottom, pillow princess and a host of other queer terms to people and situations without their complexities acknowledged. Stripping them of their nuance leaves people to fall back on the only social structure of analysis we all (unfortunately) know too well; the heteropatriarchy.

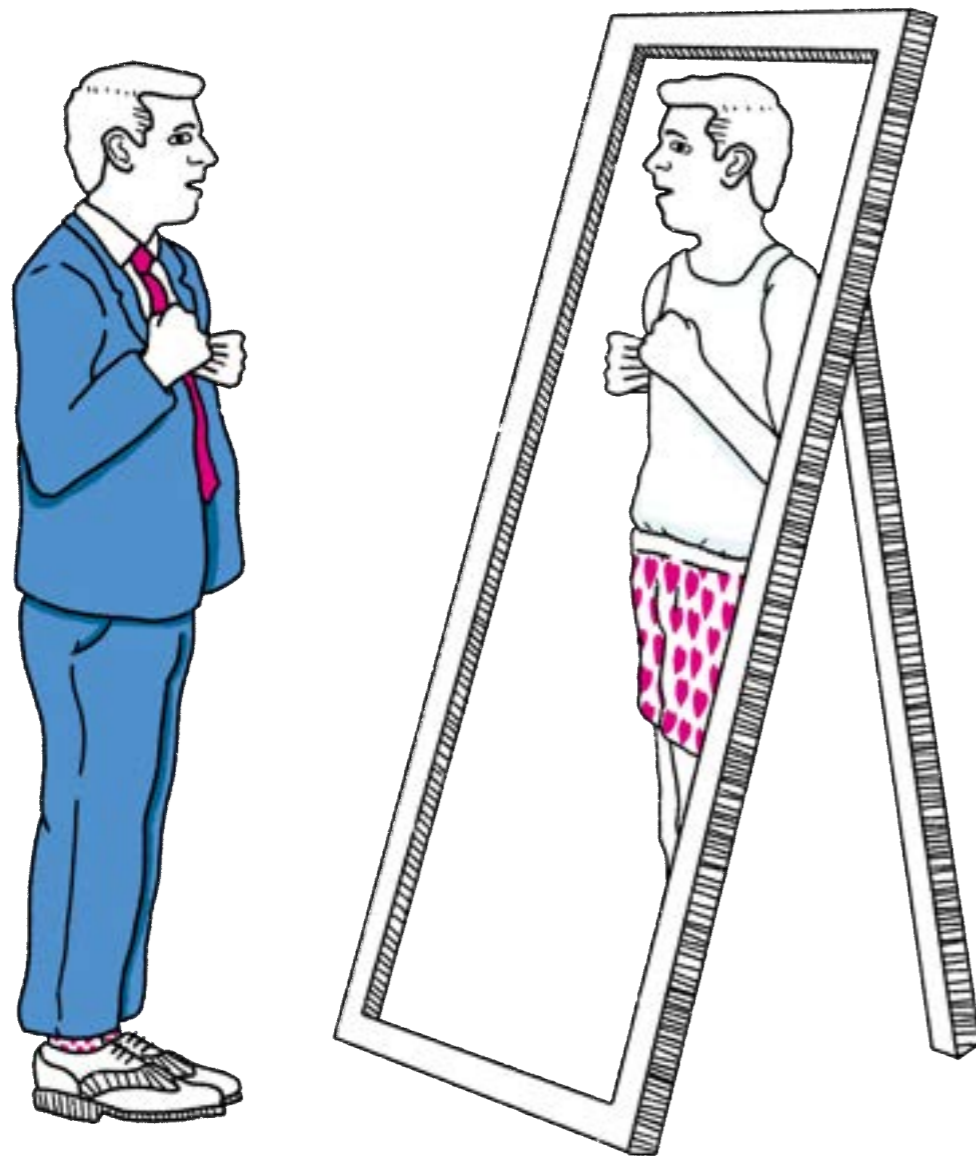
Within queer spaces, ultimate bodily autonomy is often achievable. The freedom to express yourself, perform, dress and love however you want is available, that is if you get past the bouncer on the door scanning for septum piercings and platform shoes. And that's the sticking point. There is no special bodily autonomy for queer people when what is and isn't a queer body is policed. Sure, for those of us who get the "you look gay" and especially the "you look gay and your body is an acceptable one" stamp of approval can access it. But for the rest? Not so easy.

The freest we can feel as queer people is when we know we're supported and loved regardless and because of our body simultaneously. Whether that is achieved in queer spaces, queer friendships, or queer relationships, it simply doesn't matter. The meeting of queer individuals collectively is what gives us political autonomy.



**After all,
the personal is the political**

An Exposed Britain



More convincing is a radical turn towards
"It is broken, please fix it"

Words by: Ruby Morgan (She/Her)
Artwork: Leon Caddick (He/Him)

In recent years we have seen the flawed systems that rule Westminster exposed, scandal after scandal stripping Britain's political system of its legitimacy. What has struck me the most is the Tories' aversion to vulnerability and nakedness. Through each political fiasco it scrambles to re-dress itself, grabbing a new sparkly Prime Minister, refusing to address its distasteful conduct. Stripping down to address the flaws would certainly have its benefits, but after years of piling on the layers, it would take monumental change to achieve this.

Consistently layering up behind a blur of controversial policies the UK agenda has been overtaken by the Rwanda bill and small boat crossings. Key issues like cost-of-living crisis and rising inflation are conveniently put on the back burner as Rishi grasps to define his premiership. The transparency of these strategies leaves us questioning what still works in the Westminster system? Some may argue a wardrobe change is the solution, whether that be red, green, or yellow. More convincing is a radical turn towards "It is broken, please fix it". At the end of last year, a review of the UK constitution by the Institute for Government found the UK system in need of urgent reform at the hands of a 'democratic deficit'. It identified a disregard for constitutional principles, and a worrying norm of law breaking by those in the highest offices. Despite this, thoughts of stripping the Westminster model and revealing its intrinsic flaws are met with shudders across government.

This aversion to change stems from the benefits reaped from steering a decaying ship. It would be naive to suggest that those in charge don't act with vested interests. Recently, Michelle Mone finally admitted that she was involved in the company that received £200 million in government contracts for PPE during covid, after having previously lied about it. Last April, her 154-acre estate complete with a helipad was raided, prompting the liquidation of all assets purchased after securing the contract. This included luxury homes, a private jet, and a superyacht, but we must be grateful for her 'help in a time of national emergency.'

Repeatedly, those in government view constitutional laws as loose guidelines, easily moulded to their political agenda. The commonly heard plea for "the will of the people" has been used to force through unpopular legislation and legitimise unlawful process. Despite unanimous condemnation of the Rwanda policy by the UK Supreme Court and International law, the bill passed on its second reading. This jarring process certainly shares some similarities with the Brexit negotiations, and it seems like the neglect of the judiciary has become the norm. Like clockwork, the populist rhetoric of the "will of the people" is being used again to bully the courts. So, how did we get to this point?

Has conservative rule run UK politics into the ground or is the very fabric of our system failing? Labour argues that their plans for reform under the Brown Commission would provide change. The report starts by addressing the deep inequality and economic problems of the UK, a promising start that promotes the kind of transparency we are hankering for. Admitting you have a problem is the first step, with Starmer optimistically stating in December that 'we are in a hole'. However, it's difficult to see a divided Labour pushing through far-reaching reforms anytime soon. It's fairly easy to promise a move upwards when you're at rock bottom. Starmer and his shadow cabinet are being careful not to over promise, potentially in the hope of winning a second term in the future, and their resounding majority in the polls may prove this to be a smart decision. Regardless, if the conservatives succeed in running the whole operation to the ground by the time they are ousted, what will be left to salvage? Considering this, is putting complete systematic reform on the table that crazy?

Constitutionally, the executive can wage military invasion abroad without consulting parliament. Unelected lords can block policies in their penultimate stages, human rights charters can be side-lined, and the supreme courts ignored. And that was just this week. Working to democratise these processes would have far-reaching effects for individual rights and transform our political system. It's hard to see a near future where this happens though. Constitutional reform and committee reviews don't exactly incite the masses and break headlines. But fundamentally, they form the basis of our politics. As our political fabric wears thinner, it is perhaps time to turn around and admit that the emperor isn't actually wearing any clothes. That, when Tory MP Robert Jenrick asserts that 'the law is our servant, not our master', our system is letting out a cry for help. And that the haemorrhaging damage that is being inflicted on our political processes may only be halted by stripped down reform.

good Clean fun

CW: Substance abuse

Clubbing is a huge element of Glaswegian culture, but is often synonymous, perhaps both in stereotype and in practice, with heavy substance use. However, the key foundations of club culture: dancing, celebration, and a world outside of the everyday are alive and well - beyond the confines of drugs and drink - in the work of Good Clean Fun. We sat down to chat with Amy, the founder of the organisation, to discuss how intimate spaces can be fostered through community and pleasure, even if stripping away the drink makes us more vulnerable.

o u n o n o h h oo an un

Culture Editors Ava Ahmann (She/They) & Fleur Kas (She/Her) interview Amy

Photos by: Becca Dewart (She/Her)

Can you give us a brief history of *Good Clean Fun*?

The first event took place in December 2020 as a one-off party. I was three years sober at the time and I noticed that there seemed to be a big need in Glasgow for interesting events that didn't involve drink or drugs, especially in the art and music scene. I noticed in those scenes that partying, drugs, and alcohol were all bundled together with art and music. I found that to be really quite frustrating and isolating when I got sober. I put the first *Good Clean Fun* event on because I sensed the need within myself and that other people were feeling similar to me. I put the random one on and it sold out, which surprised me. Right after, I found out about a pot of funding money, and I managed to get five thousand pounds, so that gave me a little boost to put on a few more nights and to experiment with the setup and how I wanted to do it. Over the last two years more funding money has just kind of appeared as I've needed it, alongside people getting involved, which has helped me grow and expand it in certain ways. We are now at the point where we are doing monthly parties, as well as holding bigger events, such as looking at hosting boat parties, and doing events in Edinburgh.

For someone who hasn't been to one of your parties, can you describe the atmosphere or what they can expect?

Often when I would go to club nights where I was drinking and taking drugs, it felt like I was being battered by the music and the party. At the time I really enjoyed that experience, but afterwards you're wired. It was unsustainable for me, so I wanted to create a party where you're getting a clean high that builds up slowly, meaning you're not experiencing this big crash. The way that I, and most other people, feel after the parties is energised and rejuvenated; it's like how you would feel after a good workout. There's a really good energy to the party: it's chilled out, but very upbeat with lots of dancing and movement. The music can get fast and we play a lot of percussion. There's people who've come who said they wouldn't have realised it's a sober event without prior knowledge, as people are enjoying themselves the way they do at a "normal" party.

What do you think is the innate value of clubbing/dancing as it relates to meeting people and socialising?

Dancing is such a good way to feel good. For people that have stopped drinking and taking drugs that becomes such a big part of your recovery, wanting to feel good and celebrate life. I also think clubbing is interesting because people always think that clubbing is synonymous with getting really out of it, but really the two don't need to be so interlinked. You can go out clubbing and have an experience that is healthier and more sustainable, so that's why I was attracted to it. The event challenges people's preconceptions of clubbing, but also what sobriety is. It's not all about getting up early and going hill walking; it can also be about staying out really late with your pals. I like clubbing because it's still quite underground so you can feel like it's a safe space away from the mundane of everyday life.

What has the reception been like in Glasgow? Do you think the city is a place where groups like *Good Clean Fun* are encouraged or is there a slight lack of acceptance?

In sober and recovery spaces I think people seem to be really receptive and thankful for it. When you enter recovery you are doing a lot of work that is quite therapeutic and introspective, which is obviously really valuable, but it's not fun or exciting. There didn't seem to be a space to let loose and relax, and people seemed to be needing that space. Outside of sober spaces, however, the general public reaction was 'why are you doing that?', 'that sounds terrible', or 'what do you do at a sober party?', but you do everything you'd do at a normal party, you just don't drink. It took a wee while for people to get their heads around it, but there's been a massive change in the last three years. It seems there's a bit of a wave of people getting sober and thinking about their relationship with alcohol more generally.

In what ways does *Good Clean Fun* offer an alternative clubbing experience beyond being a sober space?

We do food and usually start with a meditation, sound bank, or breathwork session. At our last event, we had a guided meditation with music to ease people into the party. The focus is for people to feel relaxed and comfortable, so we do lots of little things to make that possible. We have chill-out areas and the light is really different from "normal" clubs as well. There's no bright, moving lights or lasers: there's just two ambient lamps and some fairy lights. When I first started going out sober, I couldn't last very long because everything was too stimulating. I noticed if you make the space a bit more chilled, folk can last a lot longer, which is a goal as well. We don't try to pack everyone in either as people always say they like how much space they have to dance.

Vulnerability may come to mind as a concern for new sober clubbers, so what tips or tricks are there for those who may at first be reluctant to go out sober?

The way I used to get psyched up to go out and socialise would be to have a few pre-drinks, and obviously people don't have that when they are sober. A big help for me when I started going out sober was to have another sober friend to go out with. If people want to come along to our events, but might not have a sober friend to go with, they can give us a shout on Instagram and we'll keep an eye out for them. I also meditate before I go out to a social event in order to ground myself, and that can help. Lowering your expectations is also helpful. When I was first going out sober I was annoyed that I couldn't party for two days straight anymore, and then I just lowered my expectations and would aim to only last an hour. Slowly, over time, I've built up stamina and have become more comfortable, so now I can do full festivals completely sober. It feels so vulnerable at first. Sometimes when I'm dancing early in the night I'll close my eyes and imagine I'm in my room.

What's in store for *Good Clean Fun* in 2024, any red letter dates?

We are focused on doing monthly parties now, alongside a big summer one - potentially a boat party - as well as doing a night in Edinburgh. We are also focusing on trying to make it sustainable. The money stuff can be a stress because clubs make most of their money on the bar, so aside from securing funding grants I'm always looking at other ways to bring in money. In terms of encouraging folk to come who are interested but face a barrier in coming - the party has so many different parts, including food and a guided meditation, as opposed to a club that is going full pelt right away, so it is not as intense as you think it is going to be. Rather than treating sobriety as a heavy subject or making it the core focus of the evening, *Good Clean Fun* is a toast to the human joys of dancing, partying and being with the people you love. If you're looking for an alternative to loud basements, tequila shots and torturous hangovers, this is a space where you will feel welcomed and be celebrated.





Something in the Water

Words: Fleur Kas (She/Her)

Artwork: Olivia Snowsill (She/Her)

We must protect our own bodies and health, but can we protect those of vulnerable plants and animals simultaneously?

Over the past half year, my PMS has taken a physical and psychological toll on me. A loss of motivation, turbulent mood swings, and feelings of disconnect from my body. Out of despair, I decided to try the doctor's recommendation of birth control.

Combined birth control pills contain two main hormones: oestrogen (specifically, ethinylestradiol) and progesterone (levonorgestrel). They act as endocrine disruptors; chemicals that interfere with a body's functions, whether that is human or non-human. Not only have these hormones been somewhat of a blow to my body, but in excess they are an even more drastic shock to the environment. We must protect our own bodies and health, but can we protect those of vulnerable plants and animals simultaneously?

Even when small amounts of ethinylestradiol and levonorgestrel are released into the environment, they have an adverse impact. Each time a pill user goes to the bathroom, the perilous pair is released into waterways, putting aquatic organisms and ecosystems at risk. While gender fluidity is a positive sign of progress in human societies, it happens involuntarily in fish and frogs through this hormonal pollution. Ethinylestradiol particularly impacts male animals through oestrogenic effects such as feminisation, meaning they develop similar physical characteristics and biological functions to the female counterparts of their species. Although there is less research on levonorgestrel, Australian researchers discovered it can cause ovulation issues and masculinisation in female organisms. This can cause reduced fertility and shortened food chains which destabilises whole communities and ecosystems, stripping ecological niches naked of their infrastructure.

So, what about other contraception methods? Unfortunately, the pill isn't the sole problem: it's not just something in the water, but something on our land. The UN Population Fund has found that around 10 billion condoms end up in landfills every year, globally. If they're flushed down the toilet, they too contribute to water pollution. It's not as though people can simply stop taking contraception, which is why wastewater treatment is necessary for tackling the issue. There are different techniques for this, so let's weigh up their pros and cons:

First, there is adsorption. This process involves adding atoms, ions, or molecules of a given element to a surface (in this case, water). It's quick and highly efficient, with the potential to remove up to 98% of ethinylestradiol from bodies of water. However, the element most often used for this is activated carbon: need I say more about the role of carbon in the climate crisis? Activated carbon is also relatively expensive, making it difficult to implement in less economically developed countries. Alternatively, advanced oxidation processes can be used, helping to biodegrade harmful contaminants. For example, fenton oxidation has an efficiency rate of 84.5-99.5% in removing natural as well as synthetic oestrogens. Nevertheless, this often only works at specific pH levels and can generate sludge; harmful to human health.

It's a vicious cycle: environmental damage is only perpetuated in attempts to remove synthetic hormones from the water. However, can we limit the amounts entering our waters in the first place? The UK Environmental Agency has set threshold limits for oestrogen exposure in British waters, but since it is difficult to detect, these limits are likely exceeded.

Although I am primarily using the pill as a remedy for PMS, I think it's worthwhile to consider if we can have more "sustainable sex," considering contraception is the core purpose of this medication. For instance, IUDs are composed of little to no synthetic hormones and can last for up to 10 years. They also are 99.9% effective at preventing pregnancy: sounds ideal, right?

In spite of that, there are reasons why the pill and male condoms continue to be the most popular forms of contraception worldwide: those being that they are more accessible and also highly effective at preventing pregnancy. According to the NHS, there is a reliability of 99% for the pill and 98% for condoms, with 'perfect use'. Another plus of condoms is that they are the only contraception that can prevent STIs, a particular focus in Scotland where infections continue to increase annually. Yet this only adds depth to the turbulent waters of conflict between us and the environment.

Bearing all of this in mind, I believe this is a case where we should not feel guilty about prioritising our sexual, physical, or mental well-being. I write that with hot blood flowing through my veins. If you can consider more sustainable contraception, that's certainly a great step you can take, but everyone has different needs and bodies so choose what works best for you. We also can still protect marine environments in other ways, whether that is by reducing plastic waste or eating less fish. Something is lurking in the water, but there's also human compassion brimming in you and me.



An Eye on Organ Donation

Words: Zoe Price (She/Her)
Artwork: Lucie Robson (She/Her)



In the week that I write this, 7343 people are on the active transplant list in the UK; each one of them in desperate need of an organ. This is 500 more than last year, and possibly 500 less than the next year, with the demand for donated organs ever increasing. In an attempt to meet this need, in March 2021 the Scottish government introduced an 'opt out' approach to organ donation, meaning that all adults aged 16 and over at the time of their death are assumed to consent to organ donation. However, this does not mean that doctors can simply grab your organs the second you die – instead, your family can still withdraw that consent if they believe you would have objected.

Opinion polls suggest that over 90% of the population support organ donation, and yet the consent rate in Scotland currently sits at 64.8%. Of course, it is much easier to say that you support the idea of donating your organs, than to actually agree to someone taking the body parts of your recently deceased loved one. While the thought of handing over one of your kidneys is maybe not so hard to imagine (you don't even need them both while you're living after all) it's much harder to grapple with the thought of someone else having your heart, your skin, or even your eyes.

Does your body belong to you? This key philosophical question underpins the concept of organ donation. Especially as a woman, and a fierce advocate of ideas such as 'my body my choice', my immediate reaction is to say 'Yes, I own this body, and only I have the right to say what happens to it'. And yet, once I am dead, unless I have explicitly specified otherwise to the government or to my family, it is assumed that I am happy for my organs to be taken away from me and given to someone else. Many ethicists argue that this should be the default position that any member of society should take; that to hold on to your organs after you're dead and no longer need them is immoral.

It is hard to disagree with this idea when you picture those 7343 people waiting for organs – almost enough to fill the O2 academy three times over. Certainly, whether I go up in smoke or I am buried into the ground, I won't be needing my organs any longer. And as a resident of Glasgow, where mortality is so disproportionate to the rest of the UK that there is actually a term known as The Glasgow Effect, I feel compelled to be able to help even after my death.

The Glasgow Effect refers to a phenomenon whereby people from Glasgow are 30% more likely to die before the age of 65 than people from other deindustrialised British cities. There is no one cause of this; people die from cancer, stroke, and heart disease, as well as conditions related to drugs and alcohol. There are a multitude of proposed causes for The Glasgow Effect, from socioeconomic to cultural factors. Ultimately, there is no definitive answer for the stark increase in deaths.

Now what does this have to do with organ donation? Well, organ donations can improve mortality through a number of direct and indirect methods. Firstly, there is the obvious increase in life-saving transplant surgeries, with the capacity to save thousands of lives. But there is also a more subtle way in which opt-out organ donation can improve mortality. Public awareness campaigns can stimulate health-related conversations and improve health education, resulting in a cultural change towards healthier living. Though there certainly wouldn't be an immediate reduction in mortality, a shift in health culture to a positive view of organ donations could progress to a positive view of healthcare in general. This may promote further healthy living, such as regularly attending screening appointments, accessing smoking cessation services, or making lifestyle changes such as eating healthier or exercising more.

Though the Glasgow effect is obviously far too complex to be solved by a change in one single policy such as organ donation, it is certainly interesting to consider how one small word change – opt-in to opt-out – could provoke a cultural shift and reduce mortality. But even if none of those changes happened, the direct effects of donating more organs and more life-saving surgeries, is enough to feel proud of Scotland's change in policy. Picturing those 7343 people and the dramatic change each surgery could have to their lives, and the lives of their loved ones, is more than enough to compel me to firmly stay opted in.

Does your body belong to you?

Chemistry of a Crush

Words: Nell Westbrook (She/Her)

Artwork: Liv Dugdale (She/Her)

In the very depths of winter, the search for someone to spend time with over the colder months leads singletons into the warm, waiting arms of one another. With these newfound relationships comes a multitude of emotions, most notably originating from the humble crush. If we're all so guilty of having one (or two, or a few... no judgement!), what exactly is going on in your mind and how does fancying someone actually arise? How do simple conversations suddenly become paramount to the enjoyment of the rest of your day, and how does a lecture pass-by take on the ability to be so haunting? As so many of us blindly navigate the depths of cuffing season, surely there are answers to why, who, how, and critically what makes a crush so... crushing?

Stripping down to the core of romantic emotions, a crush is the root of all relationships, whether those lie deep within the confusing realms of "situationships" or evolve into a Barbie-Ken style 'Boyfren-Gurlfren'. The "chemistry" of a crush doesn't just imply sparks between two people, but describes the changes in chemicals and hormones taking place. Serotonin and dopamine, two hormones crucial for stabilising mood and emotions, both skyrocket during the development of a crush, affecting the equilibrium of your brain chemistry. Studies suggest such increases in hormones can lead to increased confidence, combat depressive and anxious tendencies, and even encourage more laughter. It has even been noted how crushes in the workplace inspire people to perform better in their jobs, boosting efficiency as motivation to do well and present yourself as accomplished increases under the eyes of someone you like. The infamous "Co-Worker Crush" may in fact bring about a positive impact after all, rather than embarrassing yourself at the annual staff party (again). Although the crush is definite in its ability to mutilate your psyche, the guess who element of 'why them?' remains much more mysterious.

Features that are thought to make someone attractive to you have been narrowed down to five major factors: physical attractiveness, proximity, similarity, reciprocity, and familiarity – it seems we are often drawn to people who remind us of ourselves and our loved ones (another win for Freud). Aside from fancying a potential parental figure, investigations show that another serious factor influencing initial attraction, bloom, and growth of a crush is attachment styles. Attachment styles have recently been thrust into the spotlight in conversations surrounding relationships, both positively with their exploration urging self-reflection and growth, and negatively with harmful connotations being brandished on those who use them, with labels such as Daddy Issues or Abandonment Problems commonly flirted with.

"Attachment styles" is simply a collective term for patterns which emerge in our earliest emotional bonds, playing an important role in how one behaves towards their partner and approaches adult relationships. The four styles are secure (the dream, really), ambivalent (anxious-attachment: clinging on for dear life), avoidant (avoidant-dismissive: five feet apart please), and disorganised (fearful-avoidant: #hotmess #relatable). Childhood experiences, the nature of consistent treatment from others, and expectations of a partner all feed into the way you approach your crush and the following potential budding future or immediate shut-down. Crushes fog your mind but simultaneously cut you deep to your core; stripping you naked, a crush can tell you myriads about your attachment style, how you approach, and what you ultimately want from love and romance.

Those with ambivalent attachment may become quickly infatuated with a crush, obsessing over whether they like-like them back and becoming distraught if the flirtation ends. Opposing this, one who finds themselves falling into avoidant attachment patterns might incur problems with intimacy, investing little emotion into their crush and dismissing the possibility of any future. Vulnerability from liking someone leads to many different behaviours, and reflecting on how you act, the way you like them and how you envision future meet-cutes can teach you more about yourself than you would initially consider. There's a lot you can learn about how a forehead kiss infiltrates your psyche.

Crushes are inevitable, a little embarrassing, and can be shit-scary or act as a source of salvation depending on your attachment style, previous experiences, and a number of other still-to-discover factors. Even if shrouded in mystery, a crush can teach you a lot about yourself. How you consider relationships, and what you want from love – not to mention boosting your happy hormones. Regardless of how you feel toward them, the humble crush will creep up on you nonetheless. So you might as well enjoy the proverbial pulling of pigtailed, really relish that swoop in the stomach sensation and find as much excitement and joy in them as you can – whether that comes in the form of a giggle and gossip with your friend, or as a heart dotted and swirly crossed name written in your notebook.



There's a lot you can learn about how a forehead kiss infiltrates your psyche.





Biophilia

Words: Evie Craig (She/Her)
Artwork: Elena Thompson (She/Her)

i could have found you anywhere
be it in the clouds, or grass
or pebbles i held in my shirt pocket
from some beach we've long forgotten
perhaps this earth wasn't built for us
(she has better things to care about)
but i like to believe she is guiding us into co-existence,
moulding our bodies to wade through her shallow waters,
and to fit one hand into another
i worship her like i worship you
because you are a part of her
i see you then, face as red as the lava that formed
the ground we sit on.
there are thousands of versions of us throughout
time.

i promise you this even if i cannot promise you anything else
(like i cannot promise this won't fall apart,
one day the heat of the sun will melt our fragile skin.)
but i know somewhere, sometime, there are
two trees wrapping their spindly branches around each other
in an embrace we can't explain.
i wish to nurture this, even when it's gone
like rotting fruit ferments
like your hair growing in my absence.
the world has a habit of taking her own time
and leaving us helpless to her marvellous creations
think of me, please, when you see the calves in spring's bloom
stumbling headfirst into life, or when you weep over
the fly drowning in your glass of wine.
and i'll think that thousands of years ago,
a mother of endless mothers gazed at her reflection
in the stream we walked by
unaware that she has your grass-green eyes
the water will flow in this endless cycle
and we could strip down to bathe in the freeze.
you stare at my chest, watching the rise and fall.
within the whipping of the wind against your skin
there's a heartbeat so loud you can hear it
for millenia



a n

i am trying to remain

Words: Eilidh McDade Ives (She/Her)

O

a n

like three day old sourdough. toothpaste left
on the side of the sink. unwatered soil. i can't
remember what it was like to be so tender. i do
remember a kind of 'snapping' -

like a rubber band
when you stretch it too far
a sudden splitting
and a sticky swollen pain.

i am trying to remain soft
but the jumper i wore
all through last year's winter
seems smaller now and itches my skin
and i can't remember
the feeling of the cashmere

i have been trying to remain soft
i thought it might always be like this

until i find myself
buying carrot soup and ginger juice
when you are sick
kissing your pink scraped knees
and lifting the strap of your vest
when it slips off of your shoulder

until i find myself
so nervous to touch you
you, fresh out of the shower
all bare skin wet hair warm breath
i have been trying to remain soft
yet
one look at you
and the phantom pain forgets itself
my itchy soul relents
and tenderness comes home

what i'm trying to say
is that
touching you
is a kind of undressing

what i want to you to know
is that
loving you
is a kind of u

n u
f r l
i n g.

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